JOURNAL

PROPERTY OF GERALD R.

[redacted]

FROM: Archival & Requisitions Department

TO: CMD. Abraham Tower

Commander,

Your request for tangible evidence of the ARK incident fifty years ago produced very little results. Your predecessor was quite thorough in erasing the cover-up operation. However, Prof. Gerald Robotnik's personal diary managed to survive. Ironically, we have Dr. Eggman to thank for finding it at all. This journal was recovered during the investigation of Dr. Eggman's stronghold following the latest incident with the ARK.

Unfortunately, time and tragedy have not been kind to the journal. What you're holding now is all that remains of the original book. I'm afraid there is no way of recovering the missing pages, nor can I restore the damaged or redacted elements. It's a pity, as I would have very much liked to have greater insight into Gerald and Maria's lives too.

Regards,

-T

Entry #42

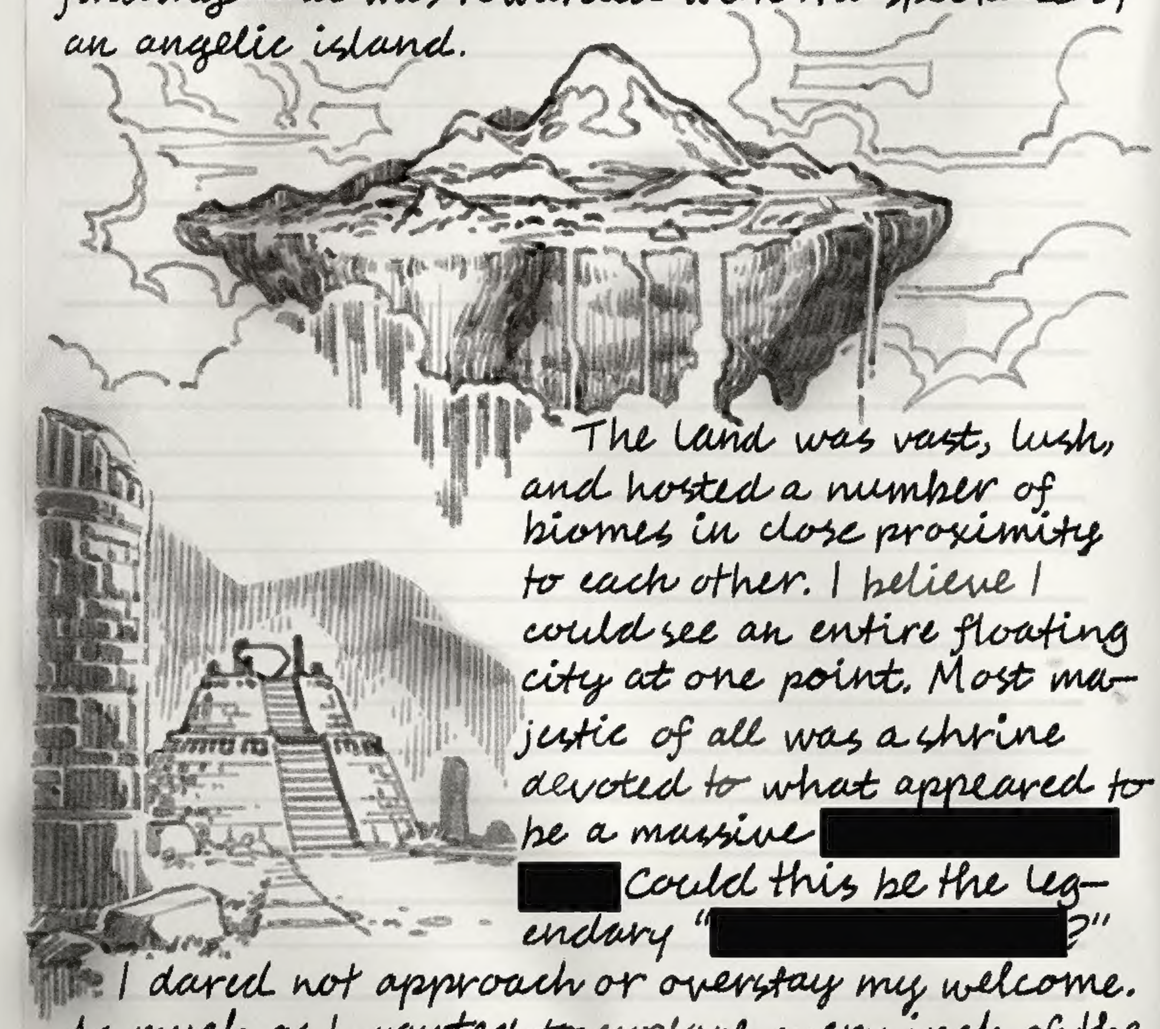
I take great pride in my research and discoveries. Few men are labeled a "genius" in their own time. But nothing compares to my pride in my boys, [redacted] and [redacted] They both graduated summa cum laude, and in record time no less! They'll have their doctorates in no time. It seems my passions for archeology and robotics are split between them, but I guess that's what makes them "chips" off the old block— ho ho! I cannot wait to see what boons they bring to the world.

Entry #162

I can't believe how much time has passed. It feels like yesterday I was celebrating my boys becoming men, and now I'm a grandfather! Her name is [redacted] and she is perfect in every way. She brings a smile to everyone's face and everyone falls in love with her the moment they lay eyes on her. If nothing else, she is my legacy. Everything I do from this day forward, I do for her.

Entry #170

I deciphered the engravings on an ancient ring I found on a previous dig in the [redacted] Jungle and calculated the location of a fabled flying paradise. I went alone to verify my findings and was rewarded with the spectacle of an angelic island.



The land was vast, lush, and hosted a number of biomes in close proximity to each other. I believe I could see an entire floating city at one point. Most majestic of all was a shrine devoted to what appeared to be a massive [redacted] Could this be the legendary "[redacted]?"

I dared not approach or overstay my welcome. As much as I wanted to explore every inch of the island, I felt it was a sacred land; just setting foot on its soil felt taboo. I don't know if any civilization remains— the land is vast and my stay was brief. But the majesty of that emerald and shrine will stay with me for the rest of my life.

Entry #185

I am about to embark on the most ambitious project of my life. The Earth's first orbital space colony will be the ninth wonder of the world! It will be a place of science researching all manner of ways to improve our home below. Seeing as it is a vessel meant to preserve life amid the harshness of space, I have christened it the "ARK". It shall be a vessel to pass on the value of life and peace to the next generation. (And while most of the megastructure will be hidden within the base planetoid, I may have gone a little self-indulgent in the design, ho-ho!)

The only real concern is the source of the funding. While the United Federation supports us, most of the financing is coming from [redacted] I have no illusions about what they'll want, but I'm building the ARK to preserve life, not end it. While I have my concerns, I am a genius, so I'm sure I'll figure something out when the time comes.

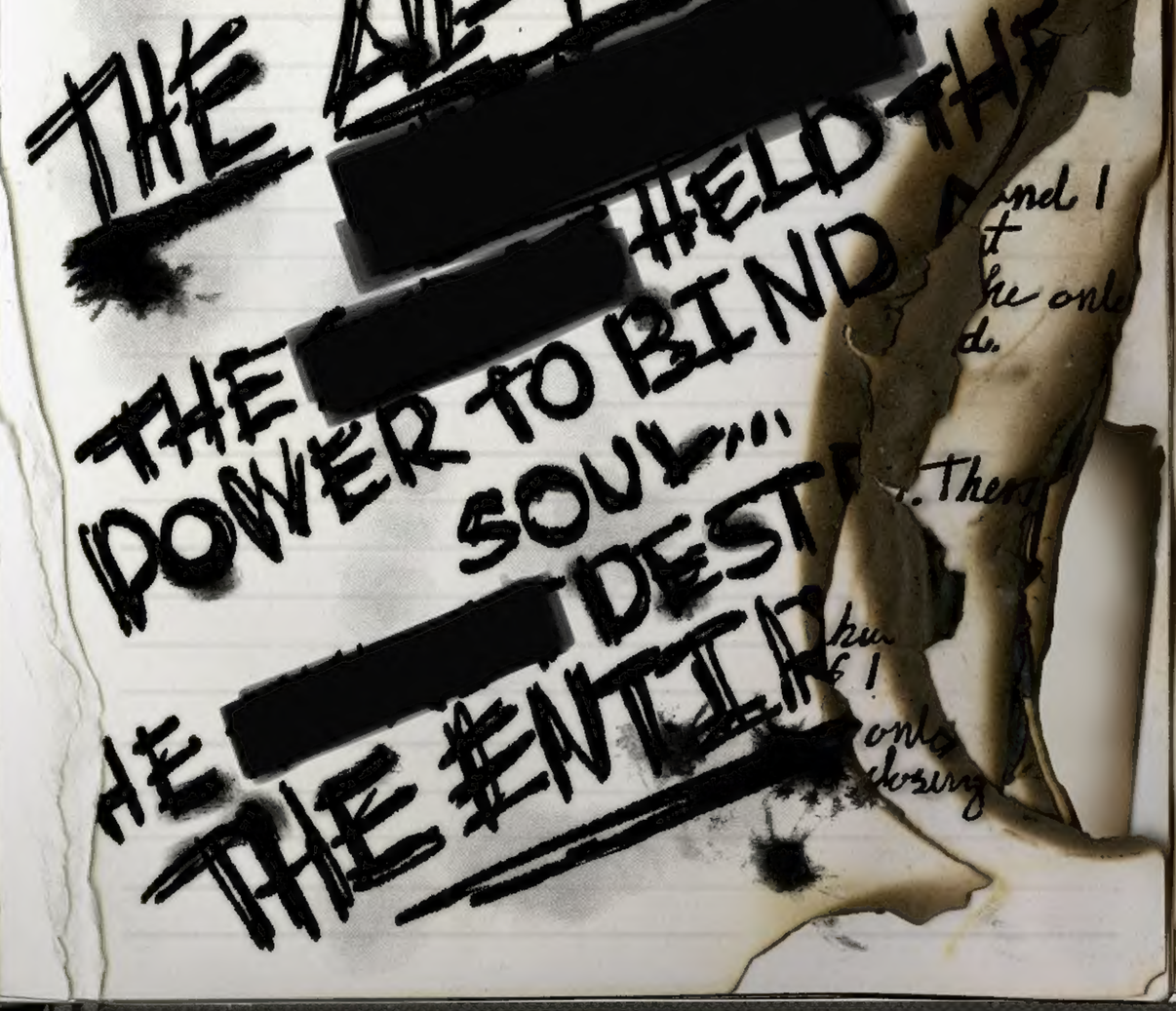
Entry #389

Life and work aboard the ARK has been exciting, for good and for ill. As a positive, we've acquired one of the legendary [redacted] for our research! They're said to hold unlimited power, and preliminary tests suggest some effect on space-time. Bending reality to one's will...imagine the possibilities!

Sadly, [redacted] is doing just that, but in all the wrong ways. Their desire for weapons research is becoming increasingly overt and decreasingly polite. I used my clout to get a direct line to the president to ask for him to intervene. He said he would, but then asked me for something equally obscene.

He wants me to discover a means to immortality/ I aim to improve life, not pervert it. Everything gives way to entropy. The concept is laughable; as intangible as a shadow. I refused him outright. In retrospect, perhaps I could've been more diplomatic about it.

I find myself on edge. Political pressures aside, I'm told [redacted] is sick with no clear diagnosis. I wish I could look into it myself, but I'm needed aboard the ARK. Hopefully this will pass and she'll recover soon. She is too precious to be left to suffer.



Entry #402

I have uncovered a most interesting specimen from the warehouse. It was first recovered by my son, [redacted] who became quite the archaeologist. I believe it to be some sort of puppet or robot made by an ancient people. At first, I didn't think anything of it, but when I was experimenting on the [redacted] it began to move. This suggests the possibility that even the ancient civilizations could harness the power of the [redacted] When I was researching various papers related to the [redacted] and this robot, I discovered that there was a possibility that this robot was something incredible. I don't want to get ahead of myself, but this robot may be the cause of the destruction of the Fourth Great Civilization. I'm not sure I believe it just yet, though.

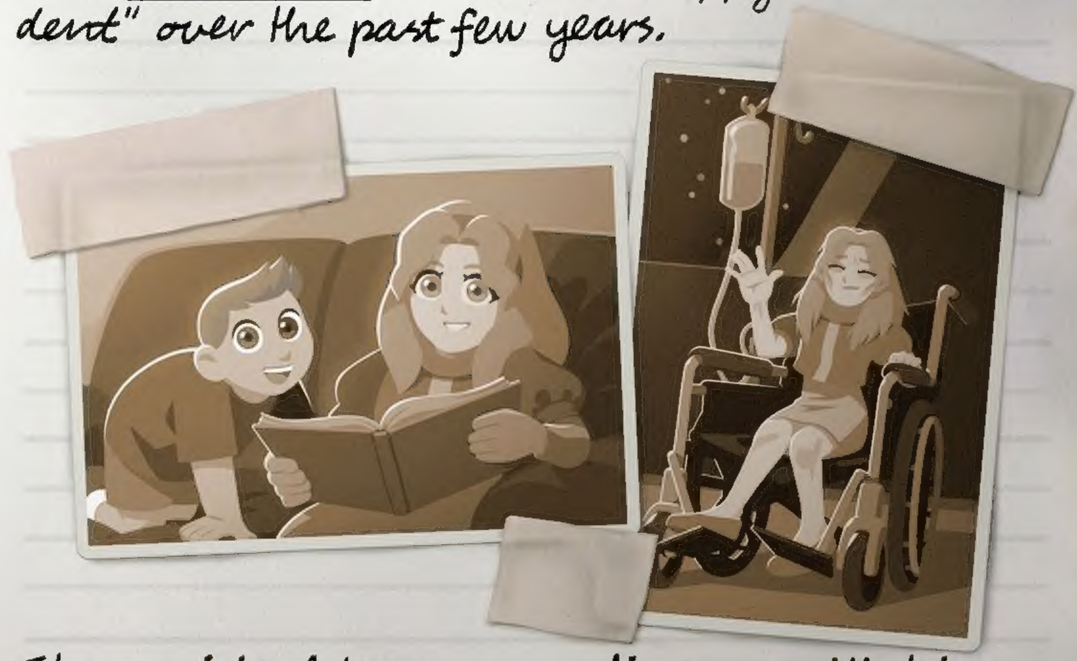
Entry #407

I am no longer able to ignore the possibility that th[redacted]did in fact destroy the Fourth [redacted]n. I have discovered a stone tablet [redacted] much. According to the tablet, [redacted]e falls from the heavens, and the [redacted]ds is joined, all that exists will [redacted]in". Though it is difficult to be- [redacted] been watching my movements, [redacted] I do. I was amazed by my [redacted] singly, reams and reams [redacted] my most powerful [redacted] ing was that the [redacted] l weapons of [redacted] ever restored

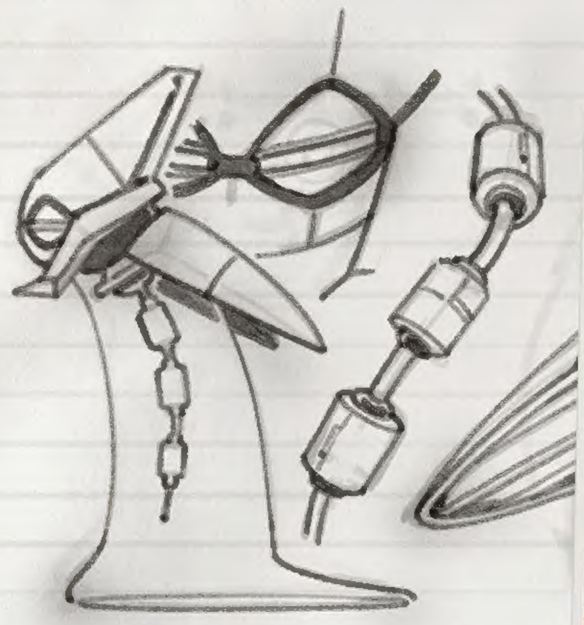
Entry #428

It has been a...Trying time, to say the least. [redacted] was diagnosed with neuro-immuno deficiency syndrome. There is no cure. Yet. I pulled some strings and had her brought aboard the ARK for treatment and assessment. The low gravity environment should help keep her symptoms manageable. Her family has been...less than enthusiastic with my decision.

Despite everything, she remains the most positive person in the room. Most of the staff here left their families back on Earth, so I worried she'd feel lonely. Instead she's become the adoptive daughter of every researcher on the ARK! Moreover, she's become like a big sister to little [redacted] the ARK's "happy little accident" over the past few years.



The president keeps prompting me with his quest to unlock the mysteries of life. Perhaps with his funding and clout, I can find a med to cure [redacted] while chasing that shadow.



Entry #515

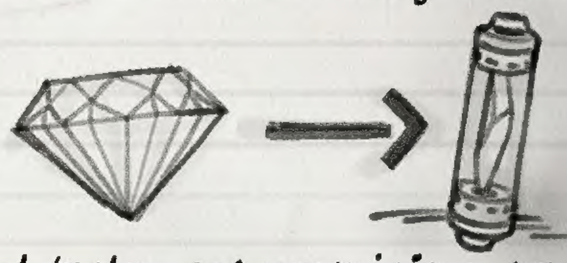
[redacted] has dropped all pretense and is demanding weapons research in exchange for continued funding. I promised the president I'd begin work on "Project: Shadow," but even he can't get them to back down. It appears I have a "gun" to my head on the matter—ho-ho.

Years ago, I discovered records of an ancient god of destruction called "Chaos". It was said to command the fury and force of the ocean—or something to that effect. I've begun developing a basic A.I.-driven apparatus that can generate cohesion in water and produce controlled shapes for basic actions.

I've told the top brass these can turn any body of water into an autonomous weapon. Deep down, I'm hoping it can be used as easily deployed search-and-rescue units. Imagine: a flood turned back on itself to aid those in the rubble!

Entry #530

Research into "Project: Shadow" is in full swing. The first step has been learning how to siphon [redacted] Emerald energy and apply it to living tissue. To that end, I've developed the "Chaos Drives". Direct application seems too harsh. Any organism that could directly interface with an Emerald would be fearsome indeed!



The initial tests were promising, so we're now moving on to the next stage in trials. I will be using salamanders for their regenerative abilities and manageable size. We will begin applying Chaos Drives to the test subject and see how its vitals respond.

And to keep [redacted] from breathing down my neck, I'm supplying them with Chaos Drives as batteries for their mechanized division. I loathe powering engines of war, but sacrifices have to be made if I'm to save [redacted] I'll figure something out in the long run. I am a genius after all.

Entry #568

"Project: Shadow" has reached an impasse. The subject exhibits accelerated cellular growth, to the point it cannot support its own biological systems. I've developed an external life-support system to compensate, but it will need to be upgraded and redesigned as the subject continues to grow. The way it thrashes and roars... it [redacted] is uncontrollable.

Furthermore it is generating unexplained energetic reactions. Is this an expression of the [redacted] power? Can a living thing produce such energy? Can it be controlled? There are too many questions, and unfortunately, the answers lie in this "bulizard's" life. I will keep it alive and as comfortable as I can until I have the answers I need.

I've found a region in the Ark that should be able to safely house it while we continue our experiments. I'm...not sure what I will tell [redacted] I do not want to lie to her, but I think the truth is too cruel.

Entry #589

[redacted] is growing into a lovely young woman. It breaks my heart that someone as bright and energetic as her is diminished by disease. There are no visible effects, and I've caught my fellow researchers muttering to each other, doubting her illness. It is infuriating. I find all my reason and restraint vanishes when she's slighted.

And yet she remains an unending font of positivity. Even on her worst days, when the fear and the pain take hold, she tells me she endures for the day when she can return home. She has total faith in me, and that "Project: Shadow" will cure her.

Her family back on Earth has no such faith. It's been so long...some of the researchers actually think she was born here. Her family either wants her better or wants her home. I can do neither. Somehow their scorn is harsher than the government or the military's increasing pressure for more weapons research.

Entry #616

Desperate times call for desperate measures, and I am a desperate man.

The Black Comet returned to Earth on its fifty-year orbit. I had no idea it actually harbored [redacted] Aboard it was [redacted] Somehow he knew about the [redacted] and seemed impressed with my work. He offered me Faustian deal. I accepted.

Using his DNA, I was able to overcome every hurdle "Project: Shadow" had put before me. The small, sturdy biped I developed can perfectly interact with [redacted] energy.

[redacted] wanted me to craft a herald for his future invasion. [redacted] wants "Project: Shadow" to generate undying soldiers for them. I will play them both for fools.

Entry #620

When I launched "Project: Shadow," Initially, I named it with scorn and mockery. I was trying to grab hold of an intangible goal. Later it sounded appropriately villainous as I was toying with the fundamentals of life itself.

But then [redacted] looked upon the unfinished specimen and put things into a whole new perspective. "A shadow tells you which way to go to find the light". In an instant she cut through all my pessimism and doubt and filled me with hope.

[redacted] as she's come to call him, will not be some dark creature but a champion of life and hope. I would not have seen that if not for [redacted] She is truly a remarkable person who can do great and wondrous things for the world.

I must save her— no matter the costs.

Entry #633

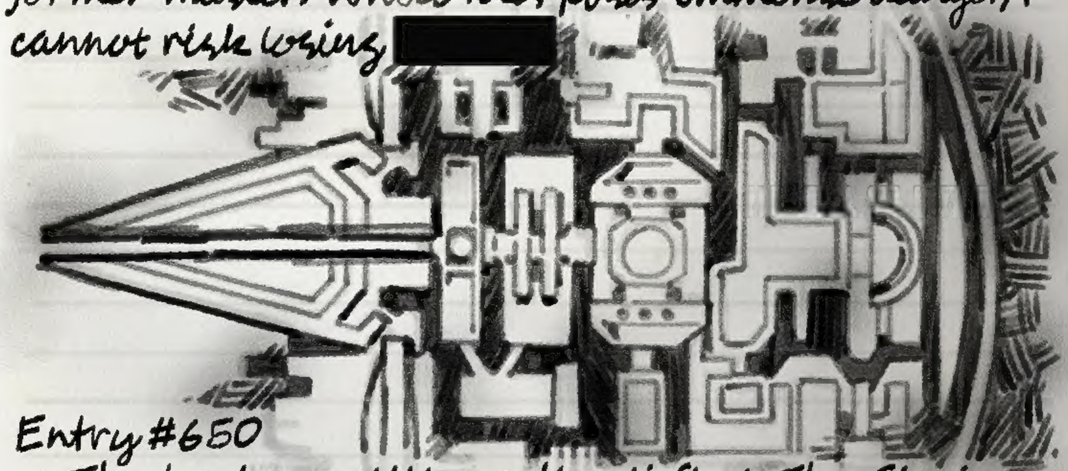
I now understand why this being was named "Gizoid" In the ancient tongue, it means "everything". According to the stone tablet, if the Gizoid establishes a "Link" with someone, the Gizoid will swear loyalty to that person. Perhaps it still lacks [redacted] energy, but it has been saying the word "Link" to me in broken tones. It went on to explain: "Show me your true strength, and I shall obey. I am all things, and all shall belong to me". So, as it suggested, I brought before it my collection of model guns, and fired them all. Then, suddenly, it said, "I shall follow your every command, and never leave your side". And since then, it refuses to listen to anyone but me. While it still is a fearsome weapon of destruction, while it remains under my control, at least it won't be used for evil. However, if someone with evil intentions ever forms a "Link" with the Gizoid... I don't even want to think about what will happen. I must research how one can re-establish a "Link" with the Gizoid..

Entry #640

The upper echelon is going crazy. Perhaps, they aim to freeze "Project: Shadow". Soon, the ultimate life form, [redacted]" will be completed... The application to my granddaughter is also imminent. I cannot just let them stop my study at this point. Because I am the only one who can save my granddaughter's life.

Entry #642

The higher ups are threatening to shut down this research facility. I had no choice but to hand them the Gizoid to buy more time for my research. I tried to be careful and commanded it to never absorb any dangerous technologies. However, I have heard that other researchers have been making the Gizoid absorb weapons. Apparently, the way to cause the Gizoid to form a new "Link" is to show it power that surpasses that of its former master. While this poses immense danger, I cannot risk losing [redacted]



Entry #650

The top brass still aren't satisfied. The Gizoid isn't big enough or flashy enough for them. Fine.

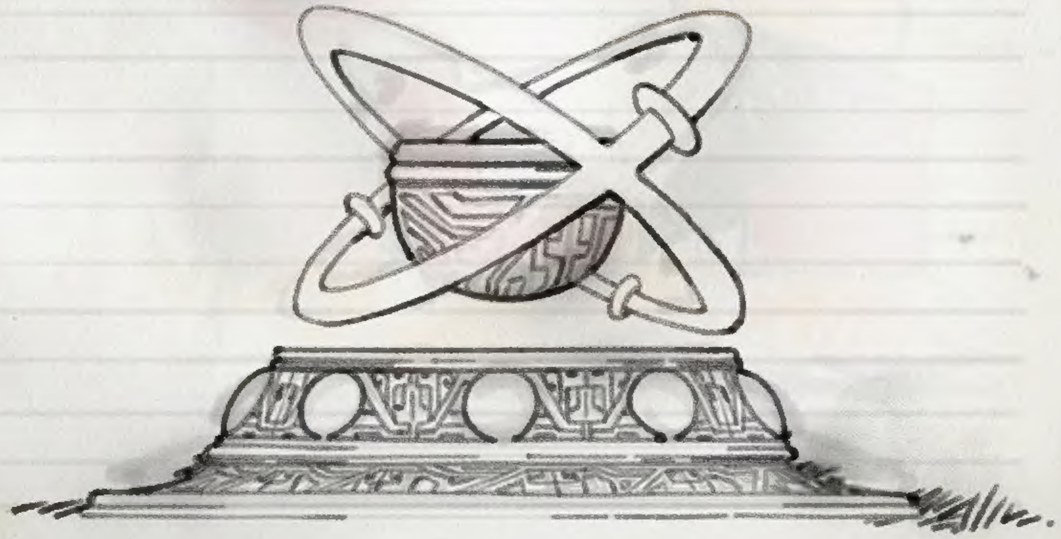
I've developed a weapon I'm calling the "[redacted]" It taps directly into the ARK's central reactor to produce an unethical degree of fire-power. They'll love it. However, to use it on any target on Earth would destroy the world. They'll never be able to fire it. Checkmate.

It will, however, be the perfect tool to deal with the [redacted] when they return. Eclipse means "shadow". This is [redacted] cannon. My gift to him in a battle he never asked for.

I'm so sorry.

Entry #651

[redacted] doesn't know the full scope of what [redacted] has been designed for, but she understands he will be under tremendous strain. She's helped me conceptualize a number of accessories that will help focus his power and aid in his mobility.



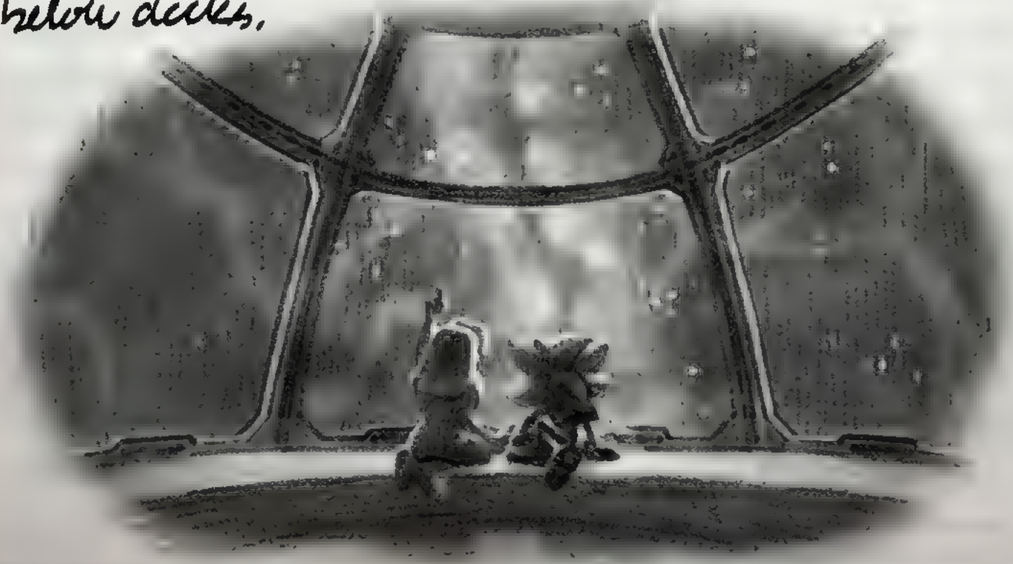
I'm also researching "Chaos Control" to see if I can gain an understanding of it before [redacted] awakens. The power to stop time and space is incredible, and I don't want him to have to try to learn its intricacies on his own.

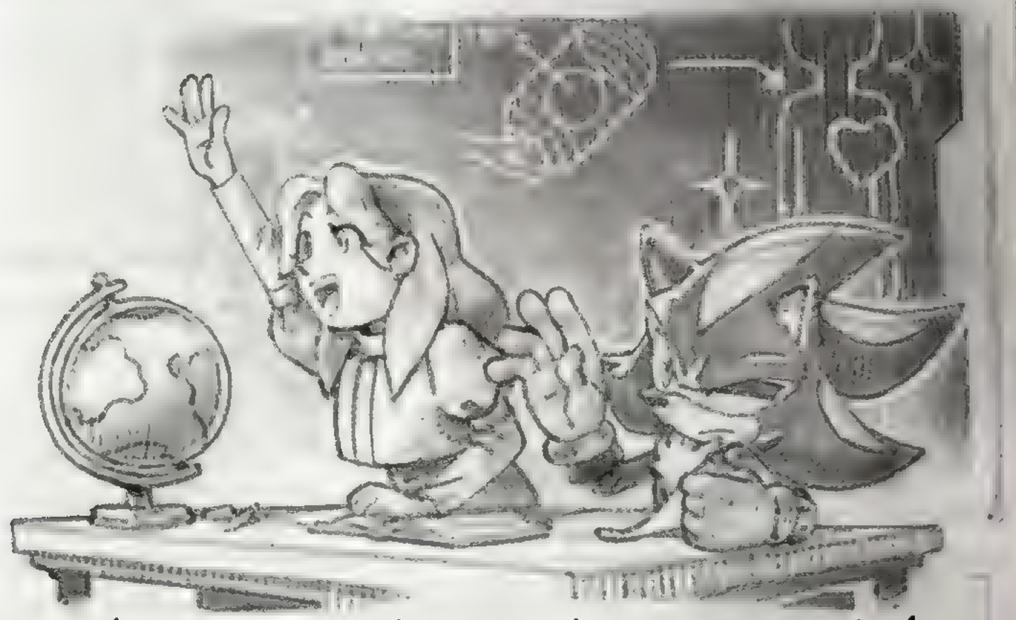
Deep down, I know this progress is superficial; tangential at best. The larger issues remain— [redacted] the President, the [redacted]... my family. I've gleaned there's a rift growing between my sons. My love for them shouldn't be a divisive issue.

I'm running out of time.

Entry #670
It has been a whirlwind of events as of late!

"Project: Shadow" is complete, and [redacted] has awakened. I pre-programmed a great deal of data into his mind, but his ability to parse it out and apply it to his situation is remarkable. All of his vitals are strong and there seems to be no signs of instability or mutation. He stands in stark contrast to the monster we have sealed below decks.





But all successes of the physical and mental prowess comes second to his relationship to [redacted]. I had hoped they'd get along, but it's far better than that. She is his guide to the world, and he is her stalwart companion. Never have I seen such instant, mutual friendship and trust between two beings. I am truly moved. They remind me why I've been working so hard. They bring me hope.

Back on Earth, ~~my son's best~~ [redacted] parents have been blessed with another little girl. They've already run tests and she has none of the genetic markers linked to [redacted] condition. While this was welcomed news, the unspoken commentary was received loud and clear.

I must save [redacted]. I must get my family back. [redacted] You are the key to it all.

Entry #670? #706?

My worst fears have come true. The Gizoid has absorbed enough weaponry and technology that it has started to go out of control. The resulting rampage resulted in the destruction of most of the ARK.

I have deciphered the rest of the stone tablet. It says, "When the Gizoid had learned all that it could, it became a god of wrath, and all was destroyed."

The researchers somehow managed to subdue the Gizoid and sealed it away. Luckily, it only had one [redacted] installed. If it were to have all seven [redacted] installed, it might destroy the whole planet. The Gizoid is too much of a liability. I tried destroying its core, but nothing I did worked. I understand too little of the technology that built him. My best hope is to try and reprogram its A.I. into a free-willed, emotions-based A.I...

Entry #...

I've... lost track of the days. Not very scientific of me. I'm... strained. Something has to give.

The Gizoid's rampage caused the "Artificial Circus" to become erratic. I attempted to regain network control by inverting the polarities of the [redacted] instead, they became violent. [redacted] raced across the ARK, pacifying them quite expertly... but the damage is done.

An S.O.S. was sent to [redacted] automatically. I dread the litigious reprimanding we have to endure next.

heritage of the past I dug out,

"Gizoid..."

the ultimate life form I created!

[redacted]

I equipped both sleepers with "heart".

If all powers are not what is to be obtained for oneself, but what is to be born from hearts that yearn for someone, I believe all confides should cease to exist.

"Phone..." If there is anyone listening to my prayer...

Bring hope to humanity.

eclipse nurses

I chose the known rules but [redacted] it a mistake to create the ultimate life form?

[redacted]

I thought it would be something that would help mankind.

But then the military guards landed on the colony that day. They were sent to destroy the research project that I had been working on. My colleagues at the research facility, my grandchildren [redacted]. I hope you are all safe.

The colony was completely shut down, probably to keep the prototype from falling into the wrong hands. The ARK was shut down under the premise that there had been an accident.

I found [redacted] name among those who died when the ARK was shut down. She meant everything to me and I couldn't bear the thought that she died because of my research. I lost everything. I had nothing more to live for... I went insane. All I could think about was to avenge her... somehow, someway. I got scared as I was no longer able to control my thoughts. All I could think about was that I wanted it all to end.

Based on my original projections, I was able to complete my project, [redacted] I designed its mind to be perfect, pure. I will leave everything to him. If you wish, release and awaken it, to the world. If you wish to fill the world with destruction...

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